THE CANADA'S GARDEN

issue one

MAY

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING GANDALF'S GARDEN-FEAR NOT

Gandalf the White Wizard from the trilogy of THE LORD OF THE RINGS, by J.R.R. Tolkien, is fast becoming absorbed in the youthful world spirit as the mythological hero of the age, as graven an image on the eternal psyche as Merlin of the Arthurian legends. In the land of Middle Earth under threat of engulfment by the dark powers, Gandalf unites the differing races, mistrustful of each other through lack of understanding and communication, in a final effort to save the world. The crusader spirit in Gandalf is echoed in the cry of the Now Generation seeking an Alternative to the destructive forces of today's world, by spreading human love and aid, for the unity of all the peoples of the Earth.

GANDALF'S GARDEN grows in that same spirit. For GANDALF'S GARDEN is the magical garden of our inner worlds, overgrowing into the world of manifestation. GANDALF'S GARDEN is soulflow from the pens of creators -- mystics, writers, artists, diggers, delvers and poets. A wellspring of love and anguish that those with searching thirsts may drink thereof. As in the Stone Gardens of the Orient, where Soul Wizards sit within the stimulus of their own silences, contemplating the smoothness of the million pebbles, so should we seek to stimulate our own inner gardens if we are to save our Earth and ourselves from engulfment.

Communications between people are slender. There are beautiful people everywhere in isolation, or in small groups, or new communes, but without communication. One has to rely on chance meetings. Between the leaves of GANDALF'S GARDEN, a focal point for creators and beautiful people can be attained, and a communication service evolved, whereby all those alone can get to know about each other, can be put in touch and visit each other's creative communes, becoming involved in joint ventures arts and crafts and musicwise.

The inner world of the Now Generation is a glowing stone dropped into a vast pool of greyness, and the warmth of its ripples is spreading in ever-widening circles. Newspaper sensationalism has swamped the underlying spiritual essence of change on the scene. Youth is tired of a mistrustful and aggressive society afraid of natural joy. A society which judges worth by wealth and appearance and not by what a person IS. The angry young men are still angry, but with the anger flows a new wave of gentle feeling, seeking expression in Self-realisation. The more self-knowing a person can become, the more beautiful he or she will become from the deep roots. We influence others by what we are ourselves. It is not even necessary to 'do' but merely to 'become'. In this way what we became will benefit the next person, you, me, humanity at large. Good vibrations are catching. And there is an under-current of something beautiful and mystical sweeping the spirits of the Now Generation. The seeds of understanding sown in seasons past are growing greenly Under-ground towards the sun. The OVERGROUND MOVEMENT is imminent and overdue. Draw closer stranger and welcome. Can you not feel your world growing between your toes and bursting from between your brows like the fabulous beanstalk?

If our truths are yours, and you feel you can help in any way, with art-work, articles, layout, photographs, essays, esoteric humour, poetry, thoughts ideas, feelings, fantasy, travel, human rights and wrongs, sales, space-selling or licking labels, love and willing hands to shape the Garden's growth - then write the things that you can do, or phone or just drop by and become one with the Diggers and the Gardeners.

GANDALF S GARDEN SEEKS THE SUN IN YOU

GANDALF'S GARDEN

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A new world is emerg[illegible] ... planet hurtles int[illegible] ... A world which has become ... ing to the sun ... the veiling ... the soul of the earth ... cognition

... love is incorporate ... to say. Even when ... ce and justice ... ented. That is, moral ... umstances find ... low

... of living ... by violent despair ... ultimate ... the ... ...

Some set up barriers to progress in soul exploration by naming the unnameable as Jehova or God, Brahmon or Allah. Too, the Universal Soul or the Absolute finality. The Arabic phrase God is Love is a good point from which to begin a soul journey, rather than to be stopped dead with the finality of God is. For the mysteries and complexities of the whole interlocking ... of life and death on our and other worlds are ... to confine by one word as an answer to it all. And its power and wonder is manifest in ways which are ... to us all, in a myriad forms of love and shades of living. It lives with us and about us, is ... in other, it is another of the elements. The ... the human spirit. The element of the animal, ... and mineral spirit. Ignore it, steven it, giving ... attempt to destroy it within us, and we ... mental and physical sickness, hatred, ... despair or depression. Love frustrated is as breath-... as ...

... How does one begin to ... To find one's own roots. To explore ... seeking to feel the affinity between ... and the secret of the ... one must take ... step of learning to walk in another ...

... the horses of flowers, study them, ... Find your way in words and ... the grasses. Live ... hands. Childhood was ... you were nearer knowing ... perfect were I set ...

f all 'being' then, unclouded by mis-education th ntellect. Except that ye become again as little n , ye will not enter the kingdom of heaven', wh kingdom is in fact, the here and now 'union of -receiving love force within and the love vibrations without from everything in that element in which all exists.

Bookworm away into the habits and peculiarities of all living things: plants, insects, animals, birds, trees, rocks, seas, clouds, etc., and the microcosmic world of creatures dwelling in the human body; and therein the ncred ble harmony of all growing, breathing and suppas- edly inanimate things will be revealed to you.

Such insights into the workings of living organisms may open endless fields of thought. From tiny facts, mundane to naturalists and students of biology, can grow new revelations, far seekers on the frontiers of soul- expans on. Let us take the fox-glove for example: Inside each flower bell grow protective hairs to prevent random insects from pilfering the honey sacs, but the pollinating bee has the needed strength to push aside the hairs and exactly fits the bell, hung downwards, affording protection from enemies above and trapping warm air rising. Thus the innate consciousness of the plant presupposes the existence of the bee. As in the same way the white moth flowers which only open and give off scent in the night, presuppose knowledge of those insects which only fly by dark. Certain trees which have no means of transporting seeds to other pastures have pre-knowledge of the birds which will eat the berries it produces - for though the outer pith provides the bird with nourishment, the seeds lie encased within a protective sac which is insoluble in the acids of a bird's digestive system. Thus the bird flies on and so excretes the seeds to grow elsewhere.

These things are but the beginnings of understanding. The ultimate is what the eastern delvers term yaga meaning 'union', or samadhi - the bliss of divine kingdom of heaven' perception. Everything is connecting, interpenetrating, bound in a 'oneness of purposeful being - In a unity which is love manifest. By such realisation Man can feel his place in the cosmic order. The perceptive being can sense the corresponding love between the spirit-self and all things when totally absorbed head and soul in a pastoral scene, a seascape or a country night sky.

For a landscape to be green, each blade of grass and leaf alone has to be green and growing in itself. For a society to blossom and become fruitful, each individual member of that society must be alive and growing within. Those who are not cultivating their inner world became deadwood. Deadwood breeds parasites. Parasites breed futility. Without green and growing individuals society is nothing but deadwood. There is no such thing as the State. What actually exists is the individual. The single mind. You. If you are not generative from the wellspring of your being, then you are not creating the world you would live in. For your scene to be a pleasure to live in, for your society to be beautiful, the onus is on each and every individual to be involved, fruitful and growing.

Remember, this is your world too.
Contribute to it. SPREAD LOVE.

A CRACK IN THE COSMIC EGG

Twilight. 15th, January, 1964. Cyprus. A man sat watching the evening sea. Within him, in a moment, a crack opened in the egg of cosmic understanding. His whole being became illumined with a sudden revelatory awareness sensed through every cell of his body which changed the course of his life, and ultimately, the lives of many who have come into contact with him. Those few moments of 'cosmic consciousness' led him to intensify his studies into the why and wherefore of Man's relationship to the All. His dedication to the pursuit of the true element in all things brought him, after much travelling, into contact with his first spiritual guide, the Indian Master Maharaj Charan Singh Ji of the Radha Soami Satsang, at Beas, India, who initiated him into the esoteric meditation forms practised in his Himalayan ashrom.

On returning to England he was drawn to the Educational CENTRE for Spiritual Awareness, founded and guided by Christopher Hills, at 10a, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill Road, Kensington, W.8, in conjunction with which he was moved to produce this magazine for fellow seekers of the true.

He is Muz Murray, the editor of this magazine, known by this symbol.

for Jane

sing for me now, as all this time that posses in a seasoning cycled fire and ice, speaking of a smile that broadens and knows we shall not be old, who would not willingly remember these times we have made? the way the air is strangely colourless, odourless – the boiling into the fragrant perfumes of sunlight!

as you walk over the roof of a barn, steadying yourself against a cloud, you take the flying sheaf of russet autumn winds I have collected up for you, tossing it over the land so very touched and mingling with our laughter.

the sound of our laughter cuts through the railway aerostatic automotive skyline (and there are many more soft cushioned seats in vehicles travelling nowhere), so many of them tumble headlong through the fog, over and over, reminding us of the sycamore dance. on heaths where bracken bends dry snapping over brackish ponds thick with floating weed, it is become strange to go back into our house cold and free with autumn, to see the ceiling flooting into the carpet where spiders' webs glisten through the day.

is it not meet that the sea should end like this, where our toes are? the little lapping forays of salt-water.. ..it is too soon to know which way the tide is flowing. your hand with mine above these sand-dunes held by the coarsest grass, it is like wire as I bend to touch it, only to find it brittle as ice, but your eyes say that you understand that seasons symbols are a change of tempo, not of ending.

the strand ends in a blue stack of slate-books piled up as cliffs – we prise them open with a knife hoping to find the illustrations.

the unrelenting promises of whispering trees. each night I stagger from a tent or cottage somewhere in the world only to be surrounded with their talk of mysteries. I ask a question and everything becomes silent.....after a while.....is it a giggling?

when we are clothed in colours as the sun is

when we exchange gifts of clothing

where the morning breaking over a summer field shall not tell us from the field.
when we become clothed with each other as is the earth clothed with life and love itself

when the clothes the coloured dress the shirt the cloak of madness falling from our shoulders, disappears into the swamp

when we are naked in these colours as the sun is

when we are unclothed within ourselves and find each other.

nick woods

TIBETAN MONASTIC CENTRE

Members of the Gandalf's Garden team recently spent the Tibetan New Year at the idyllic Samye-Ling Tibetan Monastic Centre in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, tuning in to vibrations vital for withstanding the rigours of last minute magazine production and citified chaos.

Dawn meditations in a room delightfully adorned with dry twig arrangements, sacred Tibetan buddhist trappings and the scents of sweet incense burning, set the atmosphere for each day, usually consisting of some five hours (staggered) group meditation and private interviews, with either the young spiritual head of the Centre, the Venerable Trungpa Rinpoche, Supreme Abbot of the Surmang group of Monasteries in Tibet, or Akong Rinpoche, Abbot of Dholmo Lokhong. Monks and teachers of other traditions are made welcome, as are believers in any faith or creed, and whilst we were there the Thai Buddhist, the Ven. Varasak who was visiting, held Pujas (meditation ceremonies) and gave talks on the Noble Eightfold Path of the Buddha.

Free instruction in all levels of meditation suited to individual requirements is given to those in need, and lectures and discussions on Mahayana Buddhism occur two or three evenings a week. Sacred religious texts are being made available to serious students and tuition in Tibetan language and literature is also given. A room has been set aside as a studio to encourage artistic activities, used at present by the only other Tibetan resident, Sherapalden Beru, the gentle and amiable artist whose superb symbolic paintings and prints can be purchased from the Monastery.

Apart from the lack of radios and the subdued speech generally adopted throughout Johnstone House, the Centre seems to the outsider strangely unmonastic in character, and has the flavour of an international spiritual youth hostel. As well as the three meals a day, (all hands expected to wash up), a help-yourself tea and coffee service operates the daylong. There are certainly no privations or austerities imposed on anyone who does not choose to impose them on himself. For those who wish to observe long periods of fast or silence, there are special 'retreats' set apart from the main building, where they can remain alone to plumb their own depths for as long as the spirit moves them. The only rules seem to be those of natural decorum.

Providing advance notice has been given of arrival visitors are able to share rooms, two or three persons to each, in male or female dormitories, for 25/- a day, in a surprisingly lax and informal atmosphere. Reduced rates are available for long-term winter meditators.

The environs of Samye-Ling are tranquil and silent, a blissful 15 miles from Lockerbie the nearest town. We made good use of the free time suggested for private meditation, by clambering up the nearby mountains, spending heady hours in the hot sun and crisp air, tuning in to cosmic energies amid the snowpeaks.

> When you go there, go but steady. The true is always cloaked. Expect Nothing. Enjoy the trip. He who seeks too hard along the road often turns back with an eyeful of grit.

Further information from. Tania Leontov (Secretary)/Tibetan Monastic Centre/Eskdalemuir/Nr. Langholm/Dumfriesshire/Scotland.

JOHN PEEL

A DAWN WALK IN THE MIND OF THE MUSICAL GARDENER

The Tuesday sun seeps through the Elektro window and heightens the colours on the LP sleeves stapled to the wall. Love, the Doors, Tim Buckley, the Incredible String Band, Judy Collins. The air carries secretly the new poisons that thoughtless men have forced her to carry. The voice and the guitar of Fred McDowell of Mississippi sing "Long Way from Home" which can be nothing but an ideal circumstance for him.

Marc tells me that I should write of badgers and water-voles and fill my mind with river-banks. Not easy over the brutal, bass thunder from next door where silken suited strongers sing money songs of wood-knocking among the American urban Negro with a capital "N". Loudly, violently they advocate our immediate involvement in the jerk and the phones ring unanswered and banished disc-jockeys walk worn carpets.

Several oil-stained yards away in Oxford Street the traffic competes, in crescendoes of gathering madness, for the winked green favours of the signals. Pint of beer and well-did-you-get-your-end-away minds crouch with their proprietors over indestructible plastic wheels. In rear-windows Hawaiian maidens, luminous and four-inches tall, wriggle obscenely.

Complexions bottled in Paris of Wolverhampton precede their sad-eyed owners by several millimeters along the restless pavements. Stopping, they store sightlessly among the worshippers at the shop window altars. In their heads spin fantasies of belated breast increases and memories of the confidential pregnancy test advertisements. They lust after the thought of communication and spin on their heels at an alien word. Silent men in mohair or regency rags crave their pale, padded bodies with cantilevered upthrust/cleavage/downthrust/push/pull and they stride forlornly on with vital errands of endless futility.

Over the buildings in the imagined distance the sunshine spins lazily on the Serpentine water and lies on the necks of ducks and their consorts. Sooty sparrows, joyously over-fed, hop on the tarmac and trampled grass in search for the countryside they vaguely remember. They find rotting cartons, used contraceptives, green bottles and you and I with our eyes.

We sing of summer and love and the warmth of other bodies as we ride poisoned tunnels of vacant stares, pregnant silences of endless gestation, and discreet, damp piles of official sawdust. The frightened spectacles see nothing but "Parson's Green" and "Finsbury Park". There are few sights in London more lovely than a silver train coming from Putney Bridge on the way to Earl's Court.

When you're feeling very young go to the children's playground in the Bayswater Road corner of Kensington Gardens and sit and stare at the elves on the tree there. Then go among the peacocks in Holland Park and find some of your own.

Think prayers for our frightened and isolated leaders who kneel in the blood-stained sawdust and play mad, anonymous games that they can never win and we will always lose - and you and I sit and stare and hold any hand that will not move.

It would be nice to live in a painting. I think I would live in Paul Klee's "Landscape with Yellow Birds" - there is plenty of room for you there.

Muz has asked me for months to write this and I have smiled and danced through several dead-lines. As you can see I don't know what to write about and I only write down the nonsense I find curled up sleeping in the darkened recesses of a For Rent mind.

We could live in "Perspective of a Room with Inmates" because the "Garden of Delights" is crowded and anyway I wouldn't like the neighbours very much. I hope you like Klee and Bosch and others as much as I do. I read a book about him (Klee) and didn't understand it and felt sorry for the author.

Terry gave me a hamster. His name is now Biscuit and he knows that he must sit in his good container when we want to talk to him outside. He also had his first period last week which is better than Andy Robert's also-male hamster did. He had six hamsterlets. It is very bewildering being a hamster.

We also have a primrose called Sheep who sits in the sun and doesn't say much. A Greek man sold me a plant with flowers so beautiful that they look unreal. I don't know what it is so it has no name. Will the lobster eat Fanny Craddock?

Guitars and love-voices have built fences and battlements for our minds and we can no longer hear the offensive whimpering from beneath the bridges and from the watery fields. There is a pillow of words under our spinning heads and a screen of to-days around our streaked beds.

There is no-one lonelier than you or I. We don't even know ourselves.

You are the only hope I have.

Unless, of course, some other world intervenes. Why should they, after all?

Kiss me this summer.

NOW THEN, LET'S CHECK A FEW DETAILS — VISA? WORK PERMIT? DEPENDANTS? DECLARATION OF MEDICAL HISTORY? ARE YOU BRINGING ANY LIVESTOCK, ARTICLES OF LIGHT MACHINERY, ANY SEDITIOUS LITERATURE...
IMMIGRA
IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO THAT SORT OF THING I'M AFRAID YOU WILL NEED A LICENCE, FOR WHICH YOU CAN APPLY ON FORM B2/6/3.

"It's the great sadness in my life, being short-sighted in that one too"

THERE'S ALWAYS A SNAG TO GOING ONE BETTER

My God! I must get that battered roof fixed

Listen Kid, if I catch you picking my flowers again, you'll have to turn your halo in
THINKS: I owe it all to Colgate's 'Ring of Confidence' toothpaste
Not Again?

LOVE

Love" illustration by
A. Tanner can be bought
as a poster 6/- from
H. Davies, 3 Norland Sq.
Holland Park, London.

THE GENTLE DEW

'THE UNITED STATES IS NOT A PARTY TO ANY TREATY NOW IN FORCE, WHICH PROHIBITS OR RESTRICTS THE USE, IN WARFARE, OF TOXIC OR NON-TOXIC GASES, OF SMOKE OR INCENDIARY MATERIALS, OR OF BACTERIOLOGICAL WARFARE'.

American Army Field Manual. FM. 27.
(10th, July, 1965) III. p.236.

The sound of the sproyplanes dies away. A fine mist drifts down unseen and coats every living thing. Insidious death drifts on the air currents and gently filters layer on layer over the skin of the earth.

Very soon the leaves on the trees and bushes shrivel and drop off. Broad-leaved trees become sterile and barren. Food crops wither away. The soil absorbs a lethal dew and life-giving organisms are destroyed. Farmers are forced to move on to refugee camps with no hope of being able to cultivate the dead ground for many years.

Insects die in millions. Birds exposed to chemical sprays die in agony or starve for lack of insects. Animals directly exposed suffer constriction of the lungs and malfunction of the digestive tract, causing bleeding from the mouth. Indirect poisoning is caused by feeding off contaminated vegetation.

This is the process known as 'defoliation', begun in Vietnam six years ago. The sprays, code named 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, are classed as 'non-toxic' to man, yet since the campaign started, the recorded sickness and deaths as a direct result have been overwhelming. After one chemical bombardment alone, of six Cambodian villages near the frontier (23rd July, 1964), 71 persons, mainly children and old people died after ingesting the sprayed defoliants. This so-called 'weed-killer' has destroyed over 500,000 acres of jungle and 150,000 acres of cultivated land since 1961 and is still in constant use. Hundreds of miles of arable and pasture land has been rendered useless, having disastrous effects on a peasant population deprived of self-support and sustenance.

But defoliation was only a beginning. Vietnam has not only become the playground of power politics but also the guinea-pig of diabolical scientific experiment. And all in the name of the national and public interest and safety of the civilised western world, so that we may be among the first with knowledge enough to let loose substances which may well, by repercussion, wipe out the entire population of the earth when the powers that be have caused the Third and last World War. Escalation in Vietnam means an intensification of inhuman research projects.

Although the other major powers of the world (44 countries in all) collaborated on the Geneva Protocol in 1925, concerning the prohibition of asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases and of bacteriological means of warfare, America and Japan refused to sanction it.

By the end of 1964 Vietnamese troops and civilians alike were being heavily bombed or sprayed with 'nausea and vomiting' gas, (coded DM) and 'tear gas' (CN or CM), which causes blindness on contact with the eyes, paralysis on heavy exposure and intestinal damage to infants. This was followed by other experimental gases 'non-toxic' to man, which killed by 'asphyxiation' both the Vietnamese people and the occupying American troops wearing gas masks.

During a massive air attack in March, 1966, Bongson was bombed with 3,000 grenades of BZ nerve gas containing compounds analagous to LSD-25 and stronger, which paralyses muscular co-ordination and causes unconsciousness, fevers, violent headaches and ten-day hallucinations.

It was not until late 1966 that the Viet Cong began to utilise gas warfare against the Americans.

Encouraged by slow retaliation, the results of farmer in-the-field experiments and ineffectual condemnation from the world, scientific researchers were allowed greater liberties. Hush-hush sorties began secretly spraying the Viet Cong with arsenic and cyanide compounds, until it came to the public notice and the American Deputy Secretary of Defence, Cyrus Vance, was challenged

THE GENTLE DEW

into open admission of the fact (Daily Pennsylvanian. Ist. Nov. 1965). No doubt secret escalation has progressed immensely since then.

Finely sprayed arsenic in its gaseous phase is odourless and unnaticeable. The victim has no means of knowing when to take shelter. Often the first signs of exposure are acute headache, nausea and vomiting. Vision soon deteriorates and hallucinations occur, leading to organic psychosis and permanent brain damage. Heavy doses correspond in effect to radiation by fallout. Cyanide compounds block the ability of the blood to absorb oxygen and can cause suffocation.

Such relatively 'clean' forms of Anti-personnel warfare have long been overshadowed by even more clinically horrific methods of human destruction. Since 1955, the Travelers Research Corporation (Hartford, Connecticut.) has held a contract with the Department of Defence (U.S.A.) to mass produce the microbes of bubonic plague and tularemia (a rodent disease transmissable to humans), and to make possible the airborne spraying of bubonic plague. The results of epidemic spreading could be catastraphic and uncontrollable, infecting hundreds of thousands of square miles.

In the refugee camps of South Vietnam, doctors have been under pressure with increasing numbers of 'fever' patients arriving daily, suffering from bubonic plague, pneumonia, meningitis and malaria. Bubonic plague is frequently mortal if not treated, manifesting in painful glandular swellings, leading to severe pulmonary and digestive haemorrhages, yet many simple peasants are too suspicious of 'white coated medics' to go for treatment until too late.

Research into bacteriological weaponry has been carried out under contract to the Air Force and Army Chemical Corps by seven leading American Universities since 1962. The investigations included the study of meteorological conditions in South-east Asia, with regard to the aerial dispersion of epidemics by such diseases as anthrax, influenza, wheat rust and rice blast. One woman scientist of the Fort Detrick Laboratories in Maryland, has received the Army Medal for Distinguished Services, (the highest American military award to civilians) for developing a cultured form of rice-blight capable of devastating rice crops. Human values seem to have warped beyond sanity.

During World War II, scientists from the Microbiological Research Establishment in Porton, Wiltshire, (the germ warfare centre of Britain) used the beautiful island of Gruinard (Rass and Cromarty) off the coast of Scotland, for experiments with anthrax. Sheep were tied to stakes and left to die, as minute organisms introduced into the bloodstream multiplied, causing splenic fever, malignant pustules and pulmonary abcesses. The disease can be spread to man by infected animals or by inhalation of spores. The island is now contaminated for the next hundred years or more and no one is allowed to set foot on it. Only a few mutated rabbits remain alive among the microbes. Occasionally outbreaks of anthrax occur on the mainland a mile away. Dead rabbits may wash ashore. Birds may carry bacteria inland, as long as the island festers off our shores. It is an isolated phenamenon. But Vietnam? Is it to be another spreading open sore on the face of the earth?

The twentieth century awe of the man of science and belief in the powers that be, can have terrifying repercussions on the well-being of the human race if research is solely in the hands of political and military advantagists. How long can we afford to stand by and watch the average brilliant scientist unleashing death-dealing forces, the cosmic consequences of which he knows nothing? Will we still be so awed when dying like flies from uncontrollable plagues, or starving on a poisoned earth? The biological imbalance created by defoliation alone could be causing untold harm to the vital scales weighing life and its distribution over the surface of this planet.

Scientists with consciences are threatened with expulsion from governmental laboratories if they object or voice humane opinions, or are blacklisted as 'reactionary' and so refused outlets for their talents elsewhere, and are thus deprived of a livelihood for themselves and their families, unless they are willing to conform to state-controlled insanity.

Twenty American scientists, among them seven Nobel Prize-winners, apprehensive of the growing dangers, sent a document to President Johnson, asking for an end to the use of chemical and bacteriological warfare in Vietnam. The petition was ignored.

If the accusation of being a Permissive Society should be levelled anywhere, it is surely at a loveless generation which has closed its eyes to injustice and its ears to cries of agony. As we sow, so shall we reap. If we can sit by and accept the rising scale of inhumanity to others without a sound, then the laws of cause and effect will work their subtle damage on the world mentality. As the idea of bacteriological warfare becomes acceptable elsewhere, then the worst horrors will already be ingrained and expected in the collective acquiescence when the backlash comes. The sins of the fathers will be visited upon the sons without restraint.

But then, the younger generation always was ungrateful.

RENZO TORTELLI

FOR FACTS AND FIGURES see VIETNAM. Documents on chemical and bacteriological warfare. Price 1/- from Dr. Philip Harvey (I.F.D.L.), 28 Rodway Road/ Roehampton/London, S.W 15.

THE ETERNAL LOVER

I heard a voice that called to me saying, "Come, my beloved, and follow me. I am he who lives in the land of Perpetual Fragrance, whose walls are of crystal."

And the sound of the voice caused the Tree of Love to put forth her branches within me. The Tree of Love whose flowers are light with music and whose leaves ese inscribed with gold.

I sought my Beloved for many days, but I found him not, neither did the echo of his voice come to me upon the wind, and I journeyed far into the Valley of Despair.

Now while I walked in this valley, from the mountain on the farthest side there came a horseman, whose spear and shield shone, and he lifted me and carried me through the illusion of the world where there was an altar garlanded with the blossoms of sensation, and the corners of it were carved very curiously with the heads of rams.

Behind it stood One Crowned and above his head was the nimbus of the moon. He stretched out his hands and anointed me and held towards me an ewes out of which he drew necklaces of pearl and sapphire and emerald, and as I tossed them up to the laughter of the sun I heard again the voice of my Beloved, bidding me sit beside the Stream of Lost Remembrance.

Now the waters of this stream ran clear, yet when I put my hand in it I drew out precious stones, and each stone had its own particular fragrance; and from the thickets and hedges there came fauns and elves, playfellows of a bygone age, and they decked me with the jewels, singing songs that were like the gentle spray of fountains, and they showed me the path my Beloved had taken.

Like a bird that was seed happiness soared up within me, my mind become calm and like a net that floats upon a moonlit sea I drifted into sleep.

In the distance of a dream I saw my Beloved standing beside the watch-tower of my soul, and he cried to me saying "Prepare the way, for I come to you with a new body and a new mind, with a casket of precious ointment and a chalice from the moon.

"The pastures of your brain will be made fertile and about your feet will be spread the net of expression to enable you to hold the imagination of other minds.

"No father has begotten me, no mother has suckled me. A symbol of time, and an advocate of justice I stand serene in the resting-place of silence.

"I am the crystal wall built about the garden of Nature, on the ramparts of which are the storehouses of understanding.

"Out of my land comes song and laughter and the rhythm of the dance. My messengers run before thought with the rush and fluttering of wings.

"Sowing and reaping I have followed you through the fields of yesterday. In Arcady I permeated your mind with the Dayspring of Youth, for I am the eternal lover before whom all others fade. Each holds for you but a facet of me and so cannot satisfy your hunger or assuage your thirst.

Babylon was known to me. Through the rites of Istar you have worshipped me. Asshur heard the sound of my voice, but I remained hidden from them. Egypt unveiled my face, Greece cast her treasures at my feet and listened to my songs.

"Through the eyes of many lovers I have looked on you, drawing aside my veils by the magic of colour and perfume and sound.

"The going down of the sun and the rising thereof have been but links in the chain that forged you to me, for I am He who comforted you in the pangs of birth and folded about you the sheltering wings of death. Your eternal star."

In answer to my Beloved a messenger came forth to the watch-tower of my soul, and he touched my forehead so that my mind was caught up into a higher Heaven.

Circular like a great courtyard, it was divided into twelve divisions in which each sign of the Zodiac had its place, and from each sign wound spiral staircases that led to a balcony of crystal where the people of the sun walked with the daughters of the moon.

In the centre of the courtyard rose a fountain, greater than the one that encircled its walls, and the sound of it seemed the source of all music, and over it high up till it merged with the innermost Heaven curved a rainbow that paled and quickened as the waters rose and fell.

Then he who guided me bade me look into dusky cities of the world, and I saw that the only light that came to the earth was the reflection from the crystal wall, and where the spray of the fountains chanced to fall it illumined the minds of poets, it coloured the brushes of painters, and made dreams stir in the hearts of men.

And as I looked the spirit of the fountain spoke to me saying "Whom do you seek?" and I, thinking it was the voice of him whom I sought, held out my arms crying: "My Beloved, my Beloved, upon whose forehead shines the eternal star."

Swiftly the jagged icicle of torment entered my heart, for the voice answered: "Already he has journeyed far from here. Seek him in the world through the door of service." The fountain shimmered to silence. The rainbow stood still.

I passed through the gateway into the outer courtyard that I saw dimly through my tears. Leaning against a pillar, for all strength seemed to have left me, I waited, and out of the shadows moved a form, and I called to it, for I thought I recognised one whom I loved, but as it came towards me up the steps of the loggia, I saw it was no mortal, but the goddess Venus with one of her handmaidens, and I ran to her delirious with delight. Under my hand I felt the roundness of her breast and my whole body was filled with the wonder of her beauty, but when I touched her she turned and looked at me with wounded eyes, and uttering a cry of pain fled from me. Stooping, I picked up a spray of blossoms she had dropped in her flight, it seemed but lately picked from the Tree of Youth, for the bees of happiness followed after it, humming the song of Spring.

I returned to the world fettered with poverty, and Fate led me into strange paths. I who had looked upon service as my right now was called upon to serve.

I heard the roar of the jungle called Commerce

where the mind of the machine rules supreme. I saw men whose souls had dwindled till they had become like shriveled leaves. I heard the hollow laughter of the rich, as with indifferent feet they trod the wine press of wealth, demanding more and yet more and seldom seeking to give, seeking happiness and pleasure and finding the Cask of emptiness.

I moved among many so bowed with the stress and struggle of existence that they had almost forgotten that there existed such a thing as beauty. To them I gave a blossom from the branch that I carried, and where I plucked a flower another budded in its place, and those who looked at or held these fragile petals felt hope revive within them, and loveliness entering in made of their minds gardens of escape from this world.

Yet I was lonely and sad. I caught no glimpse of him whom I sought, he seemed distant and as the rose that grows in some far land, perfuming only my dreams.

One day as I walked along a street a figure beckoned me, and I followed her through narrow passages and devious ways till we seemed deep under the earth, and in an alcove of the wall behind grated bars I saw something which vibrated. Looking closer I recognised the Stone of Remembrance that like a shuttle travels back and forth through the space of time. Putting my hands through the bars I held it and it gave me the power to see into the past and to understand the reason of suffering.

That night in a vision I again saw the Beloved, and in one hand he held a casket and in the other a chalice

I took the casket and opened it only to find in it seven other caskets, and he said to me "Open the third casket.' And when I had unlocked it I saw within it an image of myself embalmed in fine linen, and he said again, "Open the second casket," and I did so, finding another body similar to the first, but on the brow was a diadem of seven pearls.

He bade me unlock the fifth casket. With fear I did so and in it lay a decomposed body, and knowing that it came from the evil of my thoughts I shrank from it in loathing, but the Beloved poured over it the contents of the chalice that he held transforming the malice of it into the wisdom of experience.

Then a voice came from the seventh casket, and at my touch it sprang open, and in it was a sprig of amber and mother of pearl cunningly joined together and entwined, and I lifted it out and planted it in the earth, watering it with my tears. New life flowed up the amber stem, yet its smell was rancid, but the entwining twig of mother of pearl gave of itself and nourished it, and as it did so the amber faded to primrose and finally into the likeness of the pearl.

The voice of the Beloved cried: "Prepare the way, for I am he who returns to you." And stooping over me he sealed my lips. Yet there was singing in my heart.

Then, looking at the caskets, he turned and said to me in anger. "Open the first." I did so. In it was my soul enkindled, and it gave to me its message. Then did the Beloved with gentleness unseal my lips.

Opening the fourth casket he showed to me that it contained nothing, yet as I wondered there rose from it a cloud of perfume, fragrance of happiness I had given to others.

And in the sixth casket was a ball of crystal, and looking in the crystal I saw stretched out of Heaven the great arm of a God, and down this arm came chariots and horsemen, all the pageant of bygone days, and entering my mind they revealed to me the lost beauty of each century.

Unscathed by death, unmarred by time, Love stood before me, and he passed his hands over the caskets enveloping them in a rosy flame, and with my Beloved and him I passed into the glory of the sunrise.

But the time for fulfilment was not yet come. I was left alone in the land of solitude where stillness hovered with the outstretched wings of some menacing bird, and from under the earth came a muffled sound like the repeated note of a tolling bell.

I wandered through the desolate coldness of the valleys seeking some way of escape, but the mountains

bound me in on every side.

In my hopelessness I prayed, and as I did so I saw far away in the distance many men pulling at a rope that seemed immeasurable, stretching into the very beginning of time.

Guided by a light I found my way, and when I came to the place, I saw that the men were careworn and fatigued, yet buoyant with an inward strength, and on each of their foreheads shone a lambent flame. Then I knew that they were the Chain of Initiates who bear the burden of the world and I asked their blessings. And one of them bade me place my hand over his as it clasped the rope; like an electric current there vibrated through me the cruelty of man and the sorrow and suffering of humanity. It crashed through my senses like lightning, till a merciful darkness overtook me.

When consciousness returned I found myself on a pinnacle of a mountain and before me stretched a path leading to the open country. I lay there looking up into the sky, and as I looked the clouds opened and out of Heaven came two hands bearing a chalice, pouring a crystalline substance over me. I stood upright and before me rose a tree.

The Tree of Love, whose flowers are filled with music and whose leaves shine with gold, and about it thronged the sylphs of the air, the fauns and dryads of the woods, and the little people of the fields.

Around my neck they placed an amaranthine garland, and the children of the moonbeams clothed me in shimmering garments and placed a crown of stars about my head.

Through the groves of Arcady they led me to an altar, answering the voice of my Beloved with their singing, and as the morning mist is caught up and interpenetrated by the sun I was made one with beauty, Conquistador of Love.

from THE DAYSPRING OF YOUTH
(Yoga Practice Adapted for Western Bodies)
by 'M'. Unwin Bros. Ltd. May 1933. Putnam Press.

LOVE SONG

There is sunlight love in your eyes
More radiant than the sun
In the glade of our pillow
In the loneliness of my sleep
That momentous sparkle
Illumines even my dreams.

K. Pye

ACCIDENT

I saw a poem upon the street
It had an even number of feet
It had an even number of arms
A pair of hands and a pair of palms
In fact the poem was so like you
I called to it and away it flew–

Martin Turner.

VINOBA BHAVE

VINOBA BHAVE, KNOWN AS THE SAINT OF INDIA, IS THE MODERN GANDHI. HE WALKS FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE ASKING RICH LANDLORDS TO GIVE UP ONE SEVENTH OF THEIR LAND TO HIM SO THAT HE CAN REDISTRIBUTE IT AMONG THE POOR. IN THIS WAY HE HAS COLLECTED 4,000,000 ACRES IN HIS FIRST TWO YEARS. I WALKED WITH HIM THROUGH THE JUNGLES FOR FIVE WEEKS ASKING HIM MANY QUESTIONS AND HERE ARE HIS ANSWERS TO SOME OF THEM.

ELVIN What do you mean by God?

BHAVE If all our earthly body and so forth was taken away there would still be something left, a consciousness, which is supremely us. There is that something in everyone. And just as our body is a world, so at the same time we are all part of a greater world and all our consciousnesses are part of a mighty whole. That is God.

ELVIN Then why do you pray to it?

BHAVE Because, if when we feel like an uplift we pray or speak to part of the mighty whole we can feel we get help. We are a part of it and it is greater than us and so we can draw from its fountain. That is why we pray to it.

ELVIN Then God is abstract?

BHAVE Oh yes, God is abstract.

ELVIN I appreciate your answer, but it remains for me in the present tense. Could you kindly tell me your thoughts on the Creation and the Hereafter.

BHAVE All the stories of the Creation in the Bible, in the Hindu religion and so forth are nothing but myths made to explain the Creation to simple people and children.

ELVIN Then is it not a pity to tell even children something that is false?

BHAVE But it is only an attempt at an explanation. "Six days hast God laboured and on the seventh day He rested" - pity it wasn't suggested that on the seventh day we might put some time away for contemplation.

ELVIN But you see the fault of this? This has given the impression of a personal God. That God is something fantastic who made us and to whom we should stand in awe etc.

BHAVE No one must stand in any fear of God. Personal or impersonal abstract or concrete we really know so little of what God is. But we are a part of Him and all God is mighty. You ask about the Hereafter. It must remain a question-mark. The scientist has tried to prove that the earth was born twenty million years ago or some such figure and that it will die in about the same period - which is quite enough for you and me, isn't it? It might be right.

It might be wrong. If this world fades that makes no difference to us because as I have told you we are part of something else.

ELVIN Your principles are those of Non-Violence. But in 1938 the Norwegian Foreign Minister was asked what he was doing about the defence of the country. He said 'We will rely upon the decency of other nations." Then in 1940 in a few fearful months this peace-loving and happy land was over-run by the German forces. How do you feel about this?

BHAVE The Norwegian Foreign Minister should have preached Non-Violence. Non-Violence is a positive force differing from Pacifism, which is a mere negating of the use of arms. Pacifism is static Non-Violence is active.

ELVIN Your road to Non-Violence makes a very, very long road before your goal is reached.

BHAVE I do not agree that it is a long road. What do wars bring? We have had them, we have just had two world wars in 25 years. We are further off from peace not nearer. People will soon see that Non-Violence is the only way, that violence has never done anything.

ELVIN You speak as a good man, and a philosopher and a believer in Non-Violence. But there are plenty of Hitlers in the world who are neither good, nor philosophers nor believers in Non-Violence.

BHAVE Bring me your Hitlers. I am not afraid of them. Germany will learn. They have had two wars and look what it taught them.

ELVIN Germany will have another.

BHAVE Yes, and another and another I tell you they will learn. In the end experience will teach them. But it is not world wars I am afraid of it's the little wars. We have had two world wars and we won't need many more to teach us that world wars must not be and that Non-Violence is the only way. Already Russia is realising some of this and is changing her attitude.

ELVIN To me all self-sacrifice, austerity, self-imposed hardships, etc. seem noble if for the service of others, but against the Gift of Life if done for the sake of self-suffering. I mean that I think we have got life to enjoy and when Trappist monks shut themselves up and practice self-hardships, austerities, or other religious orders, Christian and otherwise: Anchorites, Ascetics Fakirs nuns etc. do likewise, they are doing wrong against the Giver of Life. What do you think about this?

BHAVE Self-imposed hardships, etc. done for the benefit of others become a joy: therefore the hardship is cancelled out. But we should be careful about the word enjoyment of life. The real joy is self-realisation and self-realisation can come through service to others. This becomes a joy. We should remember that not only is there joy in life but there is joy in death as well. If we are ill and suffering and our body is ailing and no one can help or relieve us, death becomes a joy. And a healthy man also should always look to death with joy. Monks and nuns who practice self-imposed hardships, if they do it for hardship's sake, are not helping others they are not doing rightly.

ELVIN You say that we should look forward to death as a joy. Can you say more on this? It seems to me that even if the hereafter be beautiful, that death nevertheless is a parting from good friends and the last glimpse of a lovely world.

BHAVE We cannot have all sweet there is sweet and sour. There are sadnesses at death but we are also released from a useless body which has became of no value to us, an encumbrance. We, ourselves, go on. We take on all which is of worth with us. About friends and so on. What is of value to us we will take on. Ask anyone what happened to him in his first four years of life, he will know little. And of any other four years he will remember some but not all. But what is of value to him he brings on with him and so after death what is of intrinsic value to us we will take on.

ELVIN So you think that some of what you are now is something you have brought with you from another time?

BHAVE Certainly. We continue to add to ourselves until we have no longer need of an earthly body to help us. Then we have achieved ourselves. This is the Hindu philosophy.

ELVIN This, in a way, reverts to my last subject. Since the primary function for the continuance of the human species is procreation and since so many of the individual human struggles arise in all the emotions that surround life man-with-woman, etc., do not Brahmacharyans* by their vow of celibacy deny themselves knowledge of the human heart which they should not do, since they live for the helping of humanity forwards? I really mean, would not ascetics be more knowledgeable had they the knowledge of the common human emotions?

BHAVE A person who is in the thick of the fray is not the one who can see the whole problem greatest. He can see the problem greatest who will stand aloof and look at it from the outside. In the same way one who paints a picture stands outside, away from the subject as he paints it. For the purpose of procreation very little intercourse is needed and married life seems often nothing but lawful and organised debauchery. But there must be a distinction between Brahmacharyans and a mere vow of celibacy. The Brahmacharyan is one who had decided to stand aloof and the vow of celibacy is a mere point in this.

ELVIN I would like to refute that lust in married life is akin to debauchery. I consider intercourse with a woman deeply loved a beautiful and holy joy. Certainly it is animal but is it not right to say that nothing is either good or bad but thinking makes it so? It seems to me that the attitude about contact with women is a state of mind.

That is my original thought: surely there is nothing in us that we have been given, including lusts, which - with a regard to the laws of society - we should not fully enjoy?

Although I appreciate the point that he who stands aloof is the better judge, is not he the better judge who has had previous experience in this field from which he now stands aloof?

BHAVE I did not mean that lust in married life is debauchery. I mean this, nothing should be done without a purpose. What is the purpose of the lust with which we find ourselves To beget children. Then we will need

[illegible] this lust [illegible] more than two or three times in [illegible] life-time. What we do [illegible] this becomes debauchery for we are [illegible] using the lust for the purpose for which we were given it. They talk [illegible] of contraceptives. But what is this? This means that men shall go through a lust which is meant for the production of children and then not produce children.

A farmer gets a joy from sowing seed but does he do it for the joy? No, he does it for the bringing forth of wheat. Would a farmer sow seed then throw in something which would prevent the growing? Or would he sow seed at all if he did not want wheat? Everything must be done with a purpose and if it is not we are misusing the purpose for which we are given the lust.

ELVIN You believe absolutely in sublimation?

BHAVE Certainly. We should not just turn these things into a game. That energy, or lust, we have left over after we have gone in for the production of children we should turn to a purpose. I will accept your adjectives that this act with a wife deeply loved is a beautiful and holy joy, but I will tell you it is wrong except when done for productivity.

There is steam. It comes and comes, but Watts discovered that by conserving it and using it skilfully it can make a locomotive go. If we would conserve our lusts what couldn't we do!

HAROLD ELVIN

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* A Brahemcharyan is a Hindu Holy Man who, as most Christian Monks, denies himself marriage.

OTHER WRITINGS

ELVIN'S RIDES
THE RIDE TO CHANDIGARH
THE STORY AT CANONS
FANDANGO FOR A CROWN OF THORNS
TO HEAVEN WITH THE DEVIL
A COCKNEY IN MOSCOW
AVENUE TO THE DOOR OF THE DEAD

SLEEP IS A FOUNTAIN
PETRIFIED.
THE SLEEPER LIES
ON HIS OUTCAST HAND
LIKE A COLOURED STONE.

SLEEPERS ARE MASKS IN LOVE
THEY LIE BETWIXT
BETWEEN.
OVER THEIR LIPS
THE SLOW DREAMS MOVE

DREAMS
ARE THE SOURCE OF SLEEP.
IF YOU DISTURB THAT SOURCE
THE DREAMER RISES THROUGH HIMSELF
IN WAVES.

THE FOUNTAIN STOOPS.
PERPETUALLY EMBEDDED
IN ITS FLIGHT,
EMBLEMS OF FAMOUS DREAMERS
GATHER LIGHT.

Christopher Logue

O TO BE IN ENGLAND

THIS BLESSED PLOT.

"I LOVE England for its physical and spiritual tranquillity ... a land where there is little cruelty or violence ... and the people are all of one colour and have no bitterness in their hearts."

Quotation, sent me by a Dorset reader, from Edmund Candler, the educationist and traveller, who died in 1926. - The Daily Telegraph (Peterborough).

ENGLAND EXPECTS...

Councillor Gilroy Bevan I stand against - flower power, pot smoking, LSD, homosexual acts, abortion and contraceptives. I want control. Rigid. I believe in the deterrent, the ultimate deterrent. Rigid control and a total halt to immigration. This liberalising world is not the England I grew up in. They may talk of Hamburg but I lived there some years and what goes on, what perversions, what excesses, I would not want in my land of dignity and honour. Resuscitate twilight areas by sending police and their families to live among the vice. On no account should prostitutes be shown the compassion such as was shown to Mary Magdalene.

WATCH YOUR IMAGE

'Our image is what matters here, the President of the Oxford Union is reported to have said, urging the introduction of a contraceptive dispenser into the Union. 'I would hate the Society to appear fusty and old-fashioned."

And so say all of us. Yet even when the image of the Oxford Union has become all bright and new, much will remain to be done elsewhere.

It is shaming for Englishmen to reflect that Westminster Abbey is still without its contraceptive dispenser. Even the machine in Salisbury Cathedral cloisters provides nothing more useful than soup, tea and cocoa. And, most surprising of all, the Ministry of Technology itself has no dispenser on its premises. When, oh when will this fusty, old-fashioned country wake up? - Daily Telegraph (Peter Simple).

UNFAIR TO BUDGIES!

I saw my first flower girl the other day and I was dismayed to think that she could go about town with an escort of long-haired youths. Her dress was adorned with bells and beads and her jeans had flowers painted on them, as well as on her jacket. What a sight for we older folk! And to think that budgies are being deprived of bells for their cages because there is a run on pet shops for the little bells that give our feathered friends endless joy. - Letter in Northern Daily Mail (Gillian Hush).

DOING THEIR JOBS.

According to the polls a vast number of Americans disapprove of the Vietnam war. But how many of America's conscripted soldiers say 'I will not go there ? Hardly any. They obey their orders. The orders enslave their consciences.

The Nuremberg Trials, when dealing with Nazi war criminals, refused to countenance the defence of superior orders. Israel, trying Eichmann, flung that same defence aside with contumely.

Yet, how many times have men in Britain or America or Israel refused superior orders? How many times has such refusal met with official acceptance?

Britain has allowed its conscientious objectors to say, "I will not fight", but Britain has never allowed other men to say, "I am not a pacifist. I will fight German Nazism. But I will not fight (say) Cypriots seeking independence.

The United States will not allow a man to go unpunished for saying, "I will not fight in Vietnam."

Nor would Britain or America allow to go unpunished a pilot who said. "I will bomb military installations, but I will not bomb civilian targets."

The soldiers, the scientists, the bomb-aimers, shrug their shoulders and say, "It is not my responsibility. I am obeying orders.'

And the generals say it is not their responsibility, for they are obeying orders.

And the politicians say it is not their responsibility because they are the servants of the people who elected them, and who therefore gave them orders.

Thus it appears that when a stick of bombs falls out of the belly of an aircraft and flowers beautifully in the distant earth below, the deaths and the destruction are no one's responsibility not the man who aimed the bombs or the man who flew the plane or the officer who targeted the area or the men who made the bombs and the planes or the generals who decided the strategy or the politicians who made the war.

All men are guiltless, seemingly. All share the comfortable irresponsibility of what we call the State.

A negro called Ronald Lockman asserted his responsibility, and got two and a half years hard labour for his pains, and cried with happiness. - Daily Mirror.

HELPING THE TAXPAYER

The previous occupant was high enough in rank to be entitled to a wall-to-wall carpeting in his office under Civil Service regulations. The newcomer was not so workmen folded the carpet double for a few inches down the middle, covering the fold neatly with a strip of brass. A workman explained We do not cut the carpet. A higher ranking officer might return here. This saves money and time. - The Sun (A. Todd).

VALUE FOR MONEY FILMS

And the fact that may surprise many is that Bristol licenses about half of those rejected by the Board We are not just throwers-out, you know,' said Mr. Bray. Among those we have seen in the past year and either licensed or varied the certificate are Rape, The Naked World of Harrison Marks, Her Bikini Never Got Wet, Eternity For Us and How To Undress In Public Without Undue Embarrassment. So the loss of Ulysses to Bristol cinegoers is not capricious, it was a considered judgment. - Bristol Evening Post (Richard Grovil).

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The greatest disaster of the present disastrous century, Mr. Moore said, was not the First or Second World War, nor the self-inflicted fiasco of Suez, but the loss to the BBC of its first director-general, Lord Reith. - Glasgow Herald (Patricia Craig).

LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER IN HYDE PARK.

BEYOND RECALL?

One girl came up to me and stroked my cheek with a toxfur mitten, somebody gave me a tinkerbell, somebody else a silver star to stick on my forehead, and one old man hugged me while the tears poured down his cheeks and his wife stood by holding his shoes "He has always dreamed people could be like this. Now he can die," she said. Everyone got a chocolate Easter egg, even the police who stood by bemused, their nightsticks in their left hand and a flower in their right, They didn't even arrest the man who took off all his clothes. A middle-aged woman stood with a record-player balanced on her head, playing The Messiah elsewhere tribal rock'n'roll flooted in and out of my ears. - Michael Thomas Penthouse.

Readers are invited to send in any cuttings of beautiful happenings or evergreen petty insanities which move them either way Mark the letters O TO BE IN ENGLAND

emanuel swedenborg

INNER SPACE TRAVELLER

In the middle of the eighteenth century Christian Theology was an arid wasteland in the hands of ignorant theologians of the ecclesiastical and scholastic Establishment whose understanding of the Judaeo-Christian Scriptures did not go beyond the dead letter. Into this scene there appeared the remarkable figure of Emanuel Swedenborg. Aware of the futility of the turned-off theologians and the falsities in their interpretations, he began, single-handed, to reconstruct Christian Theology and Cosmology on rational principles based on premises derived from the things he saw and heard in the world of "interiors" or what would now be known as 'inner space".

Born in 1688, Swedenborg had devoted the earlier part of his life to the pursuit of material science, and as a scientist he was exceedingly versatile and far ahead of his times. Because of his deeply religious disposition he had sought to discover the soul through his scientific researches. However, he abandoned this quest when he became tuned in to the phenomena of inner space.

He wrote in a letter to a friend in 1769 "I have been called to a holy office by the Lord Himself, who most graciously manifested Himself in person to me, His servant, in the year 1743; when He opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day." On or about the year 1743 he embarked on a methodical study of the scriptures of THE OLD TESTAMENT and THE NEW TESTAMENT. With characteristic thoroughness he studied versions not only in modern languages but also in the Greek and Latin and, furthermore, he acquired a knowledge of Hebrew.

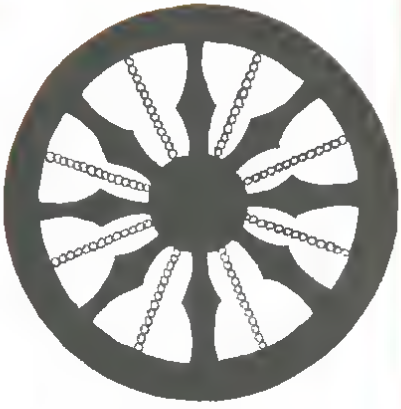
Among his most important works are ARCANA CAELESTIA (1749-1756), THE APOCALYPSE EXPLAINED (1757-59) and THE TRUE CHRISTIAN RELIGION (1771). Many of the doctrines he expounded were new to Christian eschatology. For example, the concepts that not only Christians but heathens and Gentiles can be saved and raised up to heaven, that no one is cast into hell but one casts oneself there through evil-doing, that unknowing evil-doers will be instructed in the spirit world after death and thus have a chance of being saved, that it is by means of the faculties of rationality and liberty that man is reformed and regenerated and not by means of coercion, were some of the liberal innovations introduced by Swedenborg. In his treatment of theology he made considerable use of correspondence between natural and spiritual things in accordance with the ancient esoteric formula as above so below.

Because he was able to converse with spirits and angels, he has been, on occasion, quite erroneously placed among spiritualist mediums. As is well known, mediums are supposed to cause spirits to materialise, but Swedenborg had the much rarer ability to go, while still alive "in the flesh", into the after-death Bardos or after-death planes of consciousness. These planes of consciousness are described in THE EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD and in THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD. Allowing for differences in descriptive imagery between different languages and religions, the spirit world as seen and heard by Swedenborg has many things in common with the spirit worlds recorded in those books - yet in Swedenborg's lifetime there were no translations or even mention of those works in any of the languages he knew. The similarities are too numerous to be explained away by mere coincidence and whoever doubts the existence of after-death Bardos has the onus of finding a more cogent explanation if indeed there is one.

That Swedenborg actually went through the experience of 'dying while still in incarnation", which is a prerequisite to a break-through into the after-death Bardos, is borne out by this passage from his book HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS, AND HELL "I was brought into a state of insensibility as to the bodily senses, and thus nearly into the state of dying persons, whilst yet the interior life with thought remained entire, so that I perceived and retained in memory the things which befell me. ." His conversations with spirits and angels were apparently telepathic in nature. This tallies with the theosophical concept of the after-death Bardos as astral (or emotional) and mental planes of consciousness. Thus the theosophical astral and mental planes would be the equivalent of the Swedenborgian "interiors" and the theosophical 'physical body' and "etheric double" that of the Swedenborgian "exteriors".

The above are only a few of the surprising discoveries which may be made from an inquiry into Swedenborg's writings. To illustrate, let us take the subject of flying saucers or unidentified flying objects (UFOs) which are currently arousing so much interest. UFOs are now beginning to be looked upon as phenomena of the astral plane of consciousness, yet how many of us have ever heard or read that over two centuries ago Swedenborg wrote a little book called "the Earths in the Universe" in which he described his telepathic conversations with spirits not only of the planets of our solar system but also of the universe beyond?

contd on p 28



THE HOLY MADMAN

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SCENE AND THE SPROUTING OF DIGGER PHILOSOPHY, BY THE CREATORS OF HAPT, THE FREE DIGGER MAGAZINE.

SEASON OF CHANGES

THE UNDERGROUND, THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN, is in a state of disillusionment.

Following a year of enchantment and Power, and the slight, growing touch of hysteria.

The Underground is sick, by common consent.

We will assume the powers of oracle, intercept the whispers of Underground dialogue we hear and without hesitation declare that the Invisible Community has met its moment of truth.

WE ARE SICK from our inability to conceive the present, we merely live in it.

We are sick with expanded minds that are unable to expand beyond the skull. We are sick from little visions conceived within walls, and halted by walls. We are sick from pressure of the ghetto. From the closing of the first stage of grace.

WE are sick FOR....the vision on the rim of consciousness? FOR something simple and beyond credibility? FOR the growth of a space in which our initiatives and powers can create the Community of Earth? For the withdrawal of total revelation, the rule of Love over the rule of the Zombie? FOR The State of MAN, for the second great epoch of the miraculous Human?

HOLY MADMAN is our name for the pure inspiration of Community. The Underground has always been Community of mutual minded and mutually supporting people who have co-operated to manifest their Alternative in the environment. Sometimes with success, but often with tranitory results, all the more surprising view of the principles and conviction that back each project. The St. Martins Centre is the latest 'refusal' the environment to respond to an action which had apparent prospect of success. A bad vibration, calculation, people, all these are blamed. But are real causes, the Cause?

EVOKING a glint of the madness in things themselves, we ask if our failure to give the Invisible Community a visible form, a body, a shape, reflect our superficiality in dealing with larger realities? Do they reflect a certain nervelessness of imagination?.... We are high on everything but that! Face to face with the grey environment we affect a compromise with its functional necessities and we use its functional processes to create our alternative structure. In a narrower definition, we bite the MONEY hook and we trade to set up the foundations of the Liberated space. And it works briefly, against the people involved.

AESTHETICS AND SHOVELS

The pattern is most noticeable in the avant-garde of Underground activities, the digger projects which are aimed at basics, or what would be called social viability in another sphere. It is no accident perhaps that there is more music, more posters, more flowers, more theatre, more aesthetics than shovels. Successful trading, even by Underground standards, is always possible if the action can be staged within an existing format. The head shop, the bookshop, the theatre site, are tied real-estate. No-one pretends otherwise, no-one needs to, and the scenes there build very well with a minimum of personal disillusionment if the lease or the bread runs out. But digger groups whose involvement is with the freedom of basic facilities - such as real-estate - loose badly if the wrong means are chosen or forced upon them. Taking us all together, we do seem to accept these failures as part of a necessary evolution towards something that is possible, somewhere else in Time.

HOLY MADMAN is our term for Community as a Total Art Form, as Total Yoga and even as Total Theatre.

We believe that the most evident Cause of frustration - of walls, hysteria - is that we regard Community as almost anything but an art form, a yaga, or theatre.

WHEEL OF DHARMA

Community is bread or spades or vrices or roofs over people's heads, but not the ultimate art form, The Great Wheel, which demands the free Mind and vision of poetry, not in this case to handle states of internal flux, but the whole material environment and its deadly obstructions, which, operating from our own minds, create the illusion of immovability.

The best projects falter over bad art, not over bad vibrations - unless you consider them to mean the same thing. Our co-operative actions, or responses, have lacked the scale of audacity which concisely gears an action to the entire World Prospect, instead of too little immediate security. IF WE UNDERSTOOD, or we believed that violence springs from living the abstractions and from the fear which is the outcrop of obstructions, we would have no half willingness to trade in MONEY to acquire facilities. We might invoke the internal laws of materials instead. The law which attracts material assets wherever there is a concern with the balancing of all forces. In other words, if your action, your project, has at least two consciously held directions, towards the immediate goal, and towards whatever you believe your action stands for in the whole human environment, you can expect that the environment will respond, open-ended, the way you have proposed things....however, don't demand that it will follow your pattern! The art is in recognising modes.

JULIEN BECK said that the Holy Word comes from the unification of us all. He was discussing the growth of Community in LIVING THEATRE. Nothing was easily accomplished, but a co-operative expansion against rooted barriers involving the people themselves, and the abstractions, went forward - sometimes obliquely - to press down barriers which are symbolically the worlds.

COMMUNITY YOGA

We would like to see the LIVING COMMUNITY as THEATRE. To see this difference abolished. To see the aesthetic of drama, or of 'play', adapted as the working mode of all Community actions. Nothing unites people or creates a stranger sense of meaning, increases possibility more than the knowledge that they are presenting their environment, acting in it, rather than existing there as the passively acted upon. This detaches yet intensly involves, semblence to the meaning of Indian dance form, and it is also the source of visionary insight into all conditions particularly those in which the actors are not conscious that what they are doing or suffering, however terrible, is still 'play' and that it can be influenced by the right signal or through the right yoga.

If we create Centres across this country to feed ourselves and keep roofs above our heads, each Centre should also be a school of drama where we learn the yoga of world responsiveness. A place for developing the highest conscious awareness of play, and for enriching the arts we already have with the significance they really possess until we are able to penetrate the abstractions of distance and national psyche which otherwise condemn even country wide communities to remain ghettos. There is no Community now which is not global in its thought and actions. Survivol and revival seem to depend on it.

THE TIME HAS COME

THE UNDERGROUND has all these possibilities. They have been talked about, they turn people on in groups and gatherings, yet the turning seems to have been pivotal. Transitory phases, as Flower Power will probably turn out to be, confirmed that Love had established itself in earth, but we still groove passively on an event repeated only once before in the history within mind. Ironically, we got sick, but like Holy Madness, sometimes this is a form of health, or sanity. One we might take for granted and wait for time to dig us at, except that Love-Seeing creates long perspectives, widens the sight and what we see across the walls is horrifying, and sliding towards the extinction of life... And this is our responsibility. Or if you prefer not to look, then it is not yours and you won't worry if Underground hang-ups and disillusionment get replaced with pieces of plastic optimism, up to the moment of your eclipse. But if anyone has ever admitted, not openly, just to themselves, that the Underground has a destiny - and if we are not travelling, why do we talk about a second coming? - that the mysterious Invisible Community rises out of the end of Time to initiate man into his new, infinite environment, then now is the moment we stop playing games and begin a big one:

contd. on p.28

the World of Hobbitses & TYRANNOSAURUS • REX •

Out of the lands of legends lost comes the sound of the TYRANNOSAURUS REX, awoken in the incredible voice of Marc Bolan (of elfin descent) and hairy-toed Steve Peregrin Took.

The REX live in a world of imagery sensed through the expression of all cultures evoked by their music, which Marc defines as "acoustical". And certainly the roar of the Tyrannosaurus, backed by bongos, cymbals, gongs, pixiphone, etc., is a vibrationary experience which thrills the skin and collects in the ears, to be absorbed later into the head, and there to remain.

Melodic inventiveness is well demonstrated in their LP entitled

"My people were fair
And had sky in their hair
But now they're content
To wear stars on their brows"

containing gems like "Wielder of Words' (mantra-rock), "Afghan Woman" (oriental raga-like rock); "Hot Rod Mama" (super-hype), and lyrical-beat numbers like 'Dwarfish Trumpet Blues". The distinct tinge of blues in the latter indicates that the possibilities of jazz-rock are being explored, although they have never played straight jazz.

Tyrannosaurus Rex is an unlikely name for one as unassuming, mild-mannered and soft-spoken as Marc, who is more in the image of a little gecko lizard, but the great reptile has always fascinated him.

"When I was in bed with measles, aged eight, I read about prehistoric monsters and dug the whole scene, because they were so like dragons they could have breathed fire and smoke and somehow, because they existed, they justified unicorns and centaurs and the whole NARNIA scene. And years later, reading the Ray Bradbury story about a tyrannosaurus, reminded me of that time. And then I saw the sequence in FANTASIA which really freaked me out. And all the kids about eight and nine got really hung up with it, so I took the name. It's nice to make them happy thinking of it.

"I relive my childhood through my songs, because I get inside things, like records and books, and live them. The textures of the past interest me, I never write for the future. Names, strings of words, odd books get me, names of herbs just break me up, freak me out completely. I can groove a whole story out of just the name of a herb. It represents so many images to me I have to write them down so other people can dig it. I just write the things I want to read because I've never found it written. There are so few books like THE LORD OF THE RINGS and the NARNIA books, that once you've read them, you want more, and there just aren't any around. So I just write my own things.

"I'm very unmusical. I don't know any chords or anything. When I write, the words and music come together, normally very roughly, but I start getting high on it and just can't stop, until I blow my head off and it all comes bubbling out. A couple of weeks later it all comes together after rehearsing. Last summer we did it for nothing, now it's nice that we are getting paid bread for it. But we are still doing it for free this summer. We have permission from the council to use the bandstand in certain parks known to us all, as long as we don't advertise it.

'Anyway we're not looking for publicity. We're not doing interviews at all, ever, as far as I'm concerned.

I m nd here in GANDALF'S GARDEN because e scene. We stopped talking to writers who do of thing some time ago. I'm frightened to talk press, only because I'd say what I feel and we'd nside, man. And you know, if you don't want nto a pub to do an interview, they don't want to and you get misrepresented. I am saying what I look like what I am, because it's too much of an to keep up an image.

My musical style is me as a person, although I never t that it is just me doing it, it's more like my astral elf. I do believe in the Guardian Angel scene. I don't hink there's anything I do that isn t directed.

If I had a guru, I'd like him to be just an old cat who lives in a cottage in Cornwall, who had it all sussed ut his own way, but who was also cool. But that person s within me anyway. Maharishi just brings me down. My real Guru, if I'm gonna have one, is God. And he's not God.

"Christ must have been a gas. I think he was a very turned-on guy, and very much with God. God is the coolest thing of all. I think if I'm just a splinter out of his head, then he must be a bit like me, not much though. I see him as a monster sun that opens in the middle and you could get sucked into it and out the other side. Where you come out, I don't know, that's only my imagery. But it's a preparation for birth. We're only people and that's a bit of a drag.

"I've never read about religion, but it is the way I feel it. You are born and born again until you reach the ultimate, until you reach another scene, get into another dimension. I have no doubt about reincarnation. It's just there, like I'm there. I can't conceive myself as any ultimate. I can't possibly be the end."

For an expanding circle of fans Tyrannosaurus Rex is the beginning - a lovable mind-blowing lizard striking pleasurable terror into the hearts of those in growing earshot.

LEGOLAS

THE HOLY MADMAN continued from p 25

THAT IT IS THE MOMENT TO CLAIM THIS PLANET IN ITS ENTIRETY IN THE NAME OF OUR DECISION TO DO SO.
TO ORIENT ALL OUR ACTIONS OUTWARDS AND TO EXTEND LINES OF COMMUNICATION WITH EVERY COUNTRY WHERE AN UNDERGROUND EXISTS AND TO HELP IN THE CREATION OF ONE, WHERE IT DOESN'T.
TO PROCLAIM THE INTERNATIONAL UNDERGROUND AS WORLD YOGA, AND BY COMBINING OUR INFLUENCES MAKE EVERY PROJECT IN OUR IMMEDIATE ENVIRONMENT A PROTOTYPE FOR THE WORLD COMMUNITY ITSELF TO STOP TRADING ABSTRACTIONS, LIBERATE EVERYTHING AND EXCHANGE EVERYTHING IN OPEN FREEDOM.

.... declare Holy Madman on earth, the liberation of earth as the direction we have chosen, and the moment of disillusionment as the moment we have chosen to take it.

THE HAPT DIGGERS.

SWEDENBORG continued from page 23

Swedenborg never preached or founded a church, instead he did the beautiful thing of giving away his books (which were printed at his own expense) to friends and others who were interested. Nevertheless in 1784, twelve years after his death, the first General Conference of the New Church was founded to spread his teachings, and later in 1890 another church body, The General Church of the New Jerusalem, was formed. That even today his writings are still scarcely known outside the small group of Swedenborgians is due to the unjust neglect of his works by publishers, both secular and religious, for nearly two centuries.

It is therefore most fortunate or rather providential, as Swedenborgians would say, that there exists The Swedenborg Society; for without it, most of Swedenborg's writings would have long gone out of print. The Swedenborg Society was founded in 1810. Its objects include the printing, publishing, advertising, selling (often at well below cost) and distributing as grants, the works, literary remains and biographies of Emanuel Swedenborg, and the arranging of meetings, talks, discussions, etc., to promote interest in his writings.

The Society has the most comprehensive collection of the works and biographies of Swedenborg and some of the most interesting Swedenborgiana to be found anywhere in the world. Most of this collection is available for inspection or reference at Swedenborg House, 20/21, Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1

The Society also maintains a reading room, a reference library and a lending library at Swedenborg House and enquirers and visitors are always welcome and assured of valuable help on all matters relating to the works or the life of Swedenborg. Membership of the Society is open to people of all creeds and persuasions.

(For further information on The Swedenborg Society turn to p 29)

ALEX LOWSIEWKEE

SCENE AROUND

SEEDBAG

SWEDENBORG

HEAVEN and HELL

MUSICLAND

BREAKING GROUND

THURSDAY 25th APRIL
CENTRE HOUSE
Shakespeare's Heroes. The Tragic Flaw. 7-30. Open House.
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TUESDAY 2nd MAY
CENTRE HOUSE. Count Keyserling. Communion and Communication (Practical Aspect) 7-30 pm.
ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
Lectures. Every Tuesday. 7.30 pm.
WEDNESDAY 3rd MAY
CENTRE HOUSE. Count Keyserling Discussion Group 7-30 pm.
SUNDAY 5th MAY
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
The Importance of Living
E.J. Burton

THURSDAY 9th MAY
CENTRE HOUSE. Shakespeare's Heroes. 7-30 pm.
SATURDAY 11th MAY
LONDON VEGETARIAN SOCIETY
Bucklessbury House, Walbrook, E.C.4.
EXHIBITION. Aspects of the Vegetarian Movement 2.30pm.
SUNDAY 12th MAY
CENTRE HOUSE. Friends of the Western Buddhist Order.
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY The Importance of Dying. Dr. Hugh Sheorman
MONDAY 13th MAY
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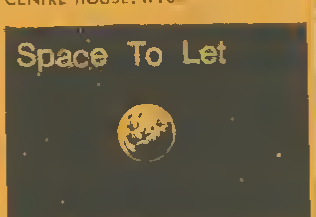

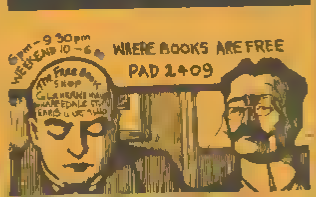

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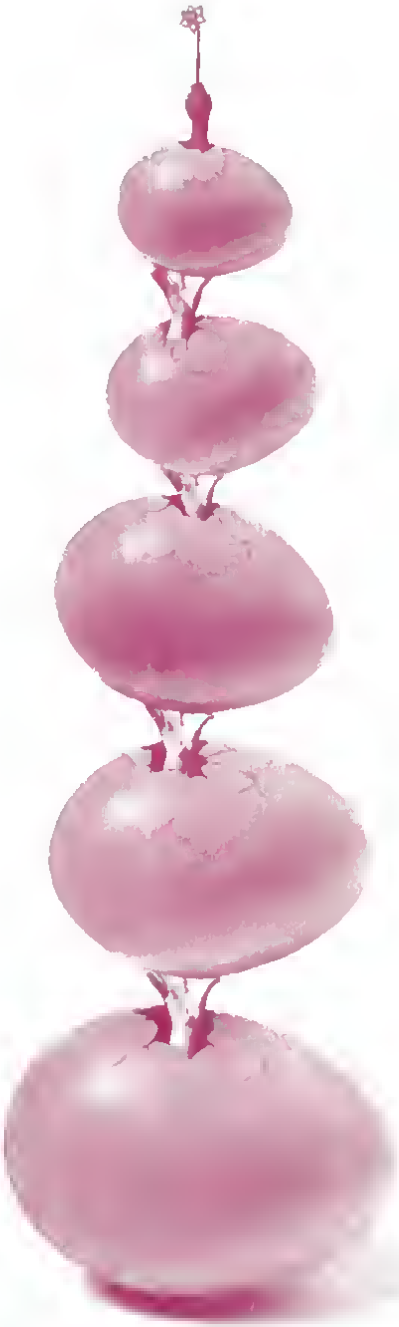
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